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The Hero in France

by Joseph G. Weber

Creativity Despite Repression

Films and Freedom

by Maryvonne Butcher

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THE COMMONWEAL
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Editor
EDWARD S. SKILLIN

Managing Editor
JAMES O'GARA

Associate Editors
JAMES FINN
RICHARD HORCHLER

Drama Critic: RICHARD HAYES; *Movie Critic:* PHILIP T. HARTUNG; *Social Action:* JOHN C. CORT; *Paris:* ROBERT BARRAT; *Rome:* GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN; *Great Britain:* MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

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THE Commonweal

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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

— week by week —

ADJUSTMENT UNDER DURESS

WHAT WILL happen next in the Quemoy crisis is still anybody's guess. But the diplomatic log-jam may well have been broken by the recent, widely-hailed adjustment in the United States' position on the disputed offshore islands. A few days after the conciliatory statements by Secretary of State Dulles and President Eisenhower, the Chinese Communists made their offer of a seven-day suspension of the bombardment, and at this writing an uneasy and perhaps only temporary calm seems to have settled over the Taiwan Strait.

The lifting of the bombardment of Quemoy is a development which must be regarded with caution, as must every maneuver of the Peiping government. The explanation by the Chinese Communists that they were stopping the artillery barrage "out of humanitarian considerations" is obviously insufficient. The "humanitarian" truce may be no more than a gesture in a world propaganda campaign; it may be designed to encourage defections to the Communist cause from Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist government; it may be just another attempt to disrupt the United States-Nationalist Chinese alliance. But it may also represent a real desire on the part of the Chinese Communists to avoid open warfare and to try to advance their interests by diplomatic negotiation. It may be, in other words, the Peiping government's response to the recent softening of the Dulles-Eisenhower "hard" line.

Even as all this was happening, however, the President and other Administration spokesmen were insisting that there really hadn't been any change at all in the United States position. Actually, the change amounted almost to a complete turn-about. Under Secretary of State Christian Herter admitted in a public statement that the offshore islands were "not strategically defensible." Subsequently, Mr.

Dulles declared that if there were a cease-fire the U.S. would recommend reducing the Quemoy garrison, that a renunciation of force in the Taiwan Strait must apply to Chiang Kai-shek as well as the Communists, that a return to the mainland by the Nationalist Government was "highly hypothetical." Later the President himself agreed that it had been "unwise" of Chiang to build up his forces on Quemoy and that Quemoy and Matsu "of themselves are not greatly vital to Formosa."

THE NEW Administration stand suggested that recognition had at last been given to the arguments of those who had criticized the "brink of war" policy in the Taiwan Strait. Statements of the new position seemed to echo some of the more widely publicized critics of the Administration's treatment of the Quemoy issue, Senator Theodore F. Green (D.-R.I.), for instance, who voiced concern that the U.S. might be involved in a war "at the wrong time, or the wrong place and on issues not of vital concern to our own security." Then, even as the new position was being enunciated (and simultaneously denied), the President launched a strangely fierce attack upon Senator Green and all critics of the Administration's Far Eastern policies.

Much of the President's reply to Senator Green, coming as it did after the modification of the Administration's stand on Quemoy, consisted of hardly relevant declarations of responsibility and good intentions; some of it simply flew in the face of the facts (on world attitudes toward U.S. conduct in the Taiwan Strait); and some of it was devoted to the suggestion that it was dangerous and almost disloyal to threaten the national unity by criticizing Administration foreign policy.

This attitude has become all too characteristic of Administration statements. It appears frequently

in the pronouncements of Secretary Dulles; it was odiously apparent in Vice-President Nixon's recent cry of "sabotage" when some facts were released to the American public; and now the President has "deeply deplored" critical comments on foreign policy by the Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

We think the President is dangerously mistaken. If there is anything to deplore here it is the attempt to stifle debate by suggesting that the act of criticism is of itself subversive. If there is anything to be feared here, it is the drift towards authoritarianism, the denial of the very process by which a democratic state works out the decisions of government. If there is anything likely to destroy American unity and foreign policy bipartisanship, it is the assumption by one political group of its own virtue and patriotism and the rejection of all those who disagree as fools or reckless partisans.

It is all to the good that the Administration has had second thoughts about its decision to defend Quemoy. There is even some reason to hope that there will be a re-examination of our entire Far Eastern position. But it is unfortunate that the Administration's revision of its stand has been grudging and reluctant, accompanied by bitter charges against those whose counsel has prevailed.

SUSPENSION OF NUCLEAR TESTS

EVIDENCE that the peoples of the free world fervently hope to be delivered from the menace of the thermonuclear arms race is manifest in many lands. It is perhaps most pronounced in India, with its Eastern and Gandhian traditions of

non-violence. But the indignation expressed by leading Indian newspapers over the Soviet resumption of tests is widely shared. The *Times of India* characterizes Moscow's suspension of testing last March—with all the accompanying propaganda—as a "cheap stunt that is unlikely to deceive anyone."

Speculation on what is back of the Russian resumption of testing has several facets. The first two bombs to go off were detected by the Japanese. The Soviet Union had announced no change of policy. The attempt at secrecy, if such it was, would lend weight to the theory that the Russians are trying to get in a few last trial-firings before October 31, the date on which the Geneva talks are scheduled to begin and after which, under certain conditions, the United States and Great Britain had offered to suspend their own tests. It has been pointed out that the six months' interval between suspension and resumption was the normal interval between Russian test series anyway; the H-bomb explosions which the Soviets have just set off must have been in preparation ever since March 31.

Other analysts find disturbing indications that there is a shift in Soviet policy. The high-water mark was reached last summer when Western and Russian scientists reached an agreement on policing nuclear tests that involves the setting up of some hundred and eighty observation posts all over the world, including Soviet and Chinese territory. As the date for the parley to put these arrangements into effect approaches, the Kremlin's attitude stiffens. It demands that these highly technical negotiations be carried on at the Foreign Ministers' level. It calls for an immediate, universal and irrevocable ban on all further testing, when it knows that America and Britain favor an agreement that would be extended, if the signatories live up to it, year by year. All this greatly jeopardizes the chances of the conference.

One reason advanced for the Russian change of stance is that the Kremlin finds the stationing of foreign technicians within Soviet borders more and more unpalatable as it gets near at hand. To break away from years of complete refusal to submit to any inspection appears more and more difficult. The other possibility is that Communist China has effected the change. China's opposition to foreign technicians is doubtless even more adamant in that as a non-nuclear power it would not be one of the parties to the agreement. Moreover, the full-fledged success of the coming Geneva parley would preclude Communist China from developing its own atomic weapons.

NEXT WEEK

THOMAS MERTON, writing in the Fall Book Issue, returns to the subject of poetry and contemplation which he discussed in this magazine in 1947.

"As time has passed I have found that the confident pronouncements made in my early writing lay more and more heavily on my conscience as a writer and as a priest, and while it is evidently impossible to correct and amend all my wrong-headed propositions, . . . I believe it is necessary to revise the earlier article and to restate the case in the same context, arriving at a different conclusion. . . ."

And yet that very reason should serve as a spur to American efforts. Control of thermonuclear weapons is much more possible as long as only three nations are able to produce them. Cessation of further testing would confine production to these three, whereas wider atomic capabilities could place the future of the world as we know it in the hands of irresponsibles who could set the world aflame over some personal ambition or local issue.

Over and against the growing resistance of the Soviets is the increasing demand of other nations for the conclusion of an agreement that would provide world protection against the hazards of fallout and the dangers of war arising from further thermonuclear weapons tests. At the U.N. and elsewhere American efforts to bring this about in the face of forbidding obstacles can count on solid backing. Now is the occasion for pressing for the implementation of the scientists' agreement even if a determined course might mean putting up with all manner of inconveniences and concessions in non-essential matters.

THE PRESIDENT AND INTEGRATION

AT THE RECENT Conference of Southern Governors, Florida's LeRoy Collins said that the integration crisis in the South represents "the most serious Constitutional and social crisis" the nation has seen since the Civil War. We agree with him, and for this reason we have always been critical of the handling of the integration issue by the President and his advisors.

This editorial criticism of Mr. Eisenhower has not gone unchallenged. Some of our readers think we expect too much from the President; others seem to think no Presidential action is called for in this situation. Our opinion, however, remains unchanged, and it seems to us that recent events in Arkansas and Virginia support our views.

Whatever we might wish, segregation will not disappear overnight from American life. If anyone was naive enough to imagine that compliance with the Supreme Court's decision would be swift or easy, the immediate reaction in the South after the decision should have been enough to set him straight. Yet the President and his staff have met the challenge posed by the desegregation decision on only one level; they have failed entirely to meet it on another and essentially more important level.

Direct defiance of a specific order by a Federal Court in Little Rock was countered by the use of troops; this was an extreme measure to deal with

an extreme situation. But no thoughtful, concerted effort has been made to prevent the necessity for such extreme measures. There has been no meeting of the Southern Governors with Mr. Eisenhower; there has been no White House conference on the problems of integration. President Eisenhower, who is famous for his sense of moderation, has failed even to begin the great task of persuasion and conciliation required if the Supreme Court decision is to be made really effective and if the country is not to be bitterly divided into two camps in the process.

The original formula of the Supreme Court decision called for desegregation in the schools with "all deliberate speed." Thus the Court itself provided the framework within which President Eisenhower could function as the Great Conciliator. In a situation like that at Little Rock, where a mob acting in violation of a Court order threatened physical harm to Negro students and school property, the President in the end had no choice except to intervene with troops. But the major problem is not mob action but massive defiance of the Federal authority by state governments and their elected officials which encourages mob action. This is the problem President Eisenhower seems not to recognize, or, if he does, to feel is none of his affair.

At the Southern Conference, Governor Collins urged the creation of regional boards representing the President, Congress and the Governors to achieve some kind of workable timetable on desegregation. These boards would relieve the courts of bearing the entire weight of the desegregation process; they would be made up of people familiar with the local situation; they would strive for a desegregation process that would be workable in the area; at the same time they would try to prevent "premature" segregation which would only lead to unnecessary clashes.

Opposition to Governor Collins' proposals is certain to come from die-hard segregationists, and the provision against "premature" desegregation is likely to cause fear among those who would like to see faster compliance with the Supreme Court decision. We can sympathize with these latter fears and to some extent share them, but we still think Governor Collins' suggestions should receive serious consideration in Washington, where the initiative for such action will have to originate.

In a rapidly worsening situation, the processes of conciliation and persuasion are essential. It is precisely here that the power and prestige of the Presidency could play a vital role. Despite the fact that four years have gone by since the original

Supreme Court decision, it is still not too late for President Eisenhower to exercise leadership in this grave domestic crisis. Governor Collins' proposals offer one way of making a start.

CONTINUING STRUGGLE IN POLAND

THE INEVITABLE tensions between the Catholic Church in Poland and the Communist state again gave way to open conflict last August when pamphlets and printing material were taken from Jasny Gora monastery. It seemed evident then that the Gomulka regime was not satisfied with the position the Church was able to maintain and develop under the existing Church-State agreements.

Now, in a public speech, Mr. Gomulka has accused the clergy of "openly and secretly" working against the Communist government and of abusing the conditional agreements of 1956. In particular he accused Church authorities of trying to destroy the secular character of the schools. He has, therefore, instituted certain "reforms," and has ruled that "only state-employed teachers and not teachers of religion or priests will run the schools." This ruling will affect a great number of nuns and monks now employed in the schools.

Mr. Gomulka asserted that religious instruction will continue to be provided as optional courses in the State schools, but the schools themselves will be reorganized on the Soviet pattern so that "children will be brought up in Communist morality and dialectical materialism."

Speaking for the Polish hierarchy, Auxiliary Bishop Zygmunt Choromanski protested the decree barring members of religious orders from teaching religion in the schools on the grounds that such a decree violated the existing agreements. In effect, he said, thousands of schools will be entirely deprived of religious education. The Religious "are deprived of rights enjoyed by all citizens only because they belong to religious congregations. That decree wrongs the Religious, has an anti-humanitarian character, is religious discrimination and, as contrary to the Constitution, cannot be binding."

In the light of the present conflict a survey of current attitudes among the students at Warsaw University takes on additional significance. Among the many questions to which the students responded were several concerning religion. Sixty-six per cent of the students asserted that they were believers and—even more impressive when one considers that these students spent the last ten years under Com-

munist rule—only three per cent said that they were decided opponents of religion.

Mr. Gomulka has said that he does not seek a war with the Church. With the knowledge of Poland's religious tradition and with the figures of this survey in mind, it is easy to believe that Mr. Gomulka is sincere when he says this. A severe break in relations might harm the Church, but it would also endanger Mr. Gomulka's position. For obvious reasons Mr. Gomulka will work to avoid such a break, nor is there any reason to think Church authorities would welcome it, for if Gomulka were replaced his successor would probably be a harsher Communist. Poland and Polish Catholics are condemned, it would seem, to further trials and suffering.

TRIALS OF A CAMPAIGNER

THE PICTURE of Governor Averell Harriman and Nelson A. Rockefeller campaigning for the same office has given rise to many anecdotes and quips—mainly non-political. For in addition to the usual burdens of the campaigner each of these candidates suffers—if that is the term—from being a millionaire. In order to show that millionaires are much like anyone else, Mr. Rockefeller has launched an interesting campaign. As James Reston of the N. Y. *Times* stated: "He may lose and in the process come down with indigestion, *politica histeria* and sore feet; nevertheless Nelson Rockefeller is at least one of the few new things in politics since the invention of the voting machine."

But, as we said, the trials are there. On what he confessed was his first trip to New York's lower East Side Mr. Rockefeller spoke with many of the residents. On the whole he was greeted with surprise and interest, but when he greeted one man with a pleasant "Hello, there" the man moved away. When he was asked later why he had done so, the man replied, "Can I put hello in the bank?"

And when an elderly widow told Mr. Rockefeller of her difficulties in finding a suitable apartment she could afford, Mr. Rockefeller replied: "That is a very serious problem. The state and city must do something about that. There are two \$100,000,000 bond issues for housing under consideration now. If we can get that passed, it will help relieve the shortage of apartments for elderly people who live alone like you."

"I should live so long," she responded.

Surely, no one would deny Mr. Rockefeller the amused sympathy such encounters demand.

"De Gaulle to Power"

The Hero in France

*Man is the obsession of our time, and in France
this takes the form of the cult of the hero*

by JOSEPH G. WEBER

RARELY HAS the force of an individual personality been more constructively stamped on the French nation than that of Charles de Gaulle since he came to power on May 31. His extraordinary role in the destinies of France has now been ratified by the overwhelming popular approval of the constitution to which he has devoted himself. The referendum was, of course, as much a test of the leadership of de Gaulle, a present-day incarnation of the Napoleonic myth and the Christian hero, as of the constitution which he has developed. And much of what will be decided later in the affairs of France will be determined by the personal prestige of de Gaulle as a hero-figure.

The hero-figure, in French tradition, can be found to appear in two guises. One is most apparent in literature in the Napoleonic myth and in the ethic of action of André Malraux, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry and Jean-Paul Sartre; the other may be found in the context of the traditional Christian hero-figure, symbolized by Joan of Arc and best portrayed by Corneille in the seventeenth century and Péguy in our own day.

In view of the analytic and psychological character of French literature and the typical Frenchman's individualism, it might seem surprising at first to think of the French as having a traditional cult of the hero. Nevertheless, such a tradition can be traced as far back as the first masterpiece in the language, *The Song of Roland*, if not farther. Roland's heroism in battle is not the heroism of Christian self-sacrifice and religious fervor, as that of Joan of Arc, for example. It is excessive pride and selfishness which drove Roland to refuse to sound the horn that would summon Charlemagne's army to his rescue. His courage suggests an ethic of action and heroism not at all unlike that of Malraux or Sartre, where man means nothing without

action, for he is only the summation of his acts. The *homme d'action* of the Middle Ages, the selfish crusader, who finds his first expression in Roland, is the direct ancestor of the Napoleonic myth of the nineteenth century. With Napoleon, however, the *homme d'action* becomes a far more dynamic figure. We see the growth and expansion of his ambition for power, for glory, for complete sacrifice in action.

There are many nineteenth century literary characters who live in the shadow of this myth. Stendhal's Julien Sorel, for example, is driven on in *The Red and the Black* by his dream of heroism. He tries to dominate each situation by calculated gesture and action, but in the end Julien fails to incarnate the Napoleonic myth because of his inability to master himself completely. His romantic nature thwarts the realization of his desire for glory and heroism; yet the total impression of Stendhal's hero remains, in Malraux's words, that man is not what he conceals but what he does.

The French reading public has long been and continues to be greatly absorbed by this notion. Man, as Malraux has also said, is the obsession of our time. The obsession takes the form of the cult of adventure and correspondingly the cult of the hero, elevated to the level of a Promethean myth with the result that the *homme d'aventure* becomes synonymous with the *homme d'action*. This idea continually finds expression in both films and plays, and the ordinary reading fare of the Frenchman, from the more popular *Paris Match* and *France Soir* to *Réalités* and *Le Monde*, very frequently gives expression to this cult of adventure, the life of action in a new or unknown world, that of an Antarctic explorer, an *alpiniste*, a Cousteau, a Piccard or whatever. As a parallel to the enthusiasm for this kind of adventure among the bourgeoisie, there has been among some Catholics a similar romantic cult or enthusiasm for the worker-priests and their mission,

Mr. Weber, who appears in *The Commonwealth* for the first time, is a member of the French department at the University of Illinois.

quite aside from their spiritual significance, as one of the former worker-priests used to complain to me during my years in Dijon.

JUST AS THE myth of Napoleon lived in the hearts of Frenchmen in the nineteenth century, with the literary expression of a Stendhal to echo it, so today the characteristic of the French intellectual is a particular love of action, more than of wisdom itself.

The philosophical and literary expression of this development can perhaps be most entirely found in the works of Jean-Paul Sartre. The act, as he said, will change the face of the world, for it is upon this face that man can exert his force. He can form it to his pleasure and can abandon it as soon as it no longer pleases him. Sartre's conclusion is that the only genuine philosophy of action is at the same time necessarily a philosophy of the absurd, for only in a world not scientifically or divinely pre-established can man be free to select goals that depend on the exigencies of a given historical context.

Whether for Sartre or Malraux, or for Pascal or Kierkegaard, man cannot be a spectator of the drama of existence. This is the fundamental basis of the Napoleonic hero-type in his modern existentialist dress. Man is always involved in action, or, as Sartre says, the individual is "in situation." But the attitude of the existential hero of the Sartrian type, facing reality, is not rationalist. Things, as Heidegger says, "are thrown into existence." There is no inherent order or sense in existence, for there is no God to conceive of a pre-existing reality for man. Man exists before he is defined; existence precedes essence.

In this atheistic, unintelligible universe, as Sartre says, man is condemned to be free and must choose himself. He alone is the creator of values. The only judgment that can be passed on human acts is not their good or evil, not their value, but their authenticity. This is the ethic of the military leader, the explorer, the adventurer whose responsibility extends no further than his engagement in a real form of action, whether this be exploring the bottom of the sea, conquering the heights of the Himalayas or saving an army or a nation's greatness. Finally, there must be added to these characteristics of the existential, Napoleonic hero-image the final one concerning the goal of human life. The end of existence is ambivalent and tragic. As Heidegger defines it, it is "Being for death," a progressive realization of death.

The forms of heroic qualities that these attitudes engender are duty, endurance, loyalty, sense of mission and solitude, among others. These characteristics, whether in the night flights over South America or on the sands of North Africa for Saint-Exupéry, or in the revolutions in Spain and China for Malraux, are remote from the common stream of the individual

consciousness. The hero feels his singularity, his loneliness, the dominance of his fixed vision that separates him from the rest of men, much like the romantic portrait of Moses by de Vigny. He is a man of destiny. Yet, for the modern, his uniqueness has no meaning without action. Man's existence is only in his action and in this he has his union with other men and ultimately his meaning. This is the sense of the *équipe*, of the team, of the unity of action toward a fixed goal which appeals greatly to the young Frenchman. There was much of this spirit in the organization behind Mendes-France and the early enthusiasm for de Gaulle.

IN THE CULT of the individual, whether as in Saint-Exupéry and Malraux or even in Gide's *Nourritures Terrestres*, solitude is a necessary adjunct of action and of man's heroism. Action of any consequence is conceived, pronounced and realized alone. This is the peculiar quality of Tchen's heroism in Malraux's *Man's Fate*. Tchen dies in a vast solitude but through his heroism he escapes the individual consciousness which is the real anguish of his life. The parallel is quite clearly drawn too with Camus' *The Stranger*.

This existentialist, Napoleonic hero-type, whether in the rudimentary form of Roland, with his pride and selfishness and total devotion to action as a reality per se, or in the form of a Julien Sorel, has conflicted throughout French history with the other great hero-image, that of the self-sacrificing Christian hero-saint, who is carried into heroic endeavor by complete self-denial in the acceptance of the will of God. This will is known in some way, as every Christian recognizes, through Revelation and the testimony of the living Church. The only true liberty for this hero is not in the act itself, but in the meaning of the act as part of the framework of the Providential plan for man.

To find the fullest incarnation of this hero-type we must necessarily turn to Joan of Arc. She is a dynamic combination of the ascetic tradition of the Middle Ages and the growing sense of practicality and implementation of ideals in everyday life found in the fourteenth century. She has been the glory of French Catholic tradition and has become a particularly living symbol in the twentieth century. Comparing her with the existentialist, Napoleonic hero-type, we find instead of a personal ethic, an extra-personal one; instead of no values outside one's authenticity, a hierarchy of divinely ordained, religiously established values that have as end the Kingdom of God. Her world, no less complex and confusing than that of Malraux, is solidly bound by the thread of plan and order, which if not apparent at once can always be ferreted out by prayer and obedience to the will of God as expressed by her Voices.

Duty, optimism, purpose and rationality sharply divorce the actions of this hero from the pessimistic

attitude of the hero whose glory is solely in himself and in his actions. "I live, not I, but Christ lives within me" must ever be the burning ideal of the Christian hero. The glory of the Christian hero's action is in God and in accomplishing His will with the fullest type of human selflessness.

THE HERO-TYPE we are describing perhaps finds its fullest expression in Joan of Arc and her obedience to her Voices, but her conception of a mission to save France was further developed in the seventeenth century, particularly in the noble, idealistic heroes of Corneille. This is what Péguy would call *héroïsme à la française*, that of the knight who is not just a Christian warrior, but who is primarily a saint, a Cid or a Polyeucte. These characters have a sense of duty and dignity without parallel in French literature (and are greatly admired, as is well-known, by the existentialists). This is not the existentialist heroism, however; it is the heroism of sanctity in the life of grace. It is characterized by the sense of duty to sacrifice all that the natural order shows important for the demands of the supernatural order. The reverse of the existential order is true: essence precedes existence.

For Claudel, as for Péguy and Bernanos, it is heroic France which reveals and teaches the integral heroism which is sanctity. The French, Péguy has said, are generally Cornelian and the Cornelian hero is the French hero par excellence. His is the superhuman force of will, the *surhomme de la volonté*, living the life of grace. There is a stoical element in this type of hero-

ism, but always tempered with Christianity. The strong will is no longer an end in itself.

It should be clear from the preceding discussion that the Christian cult of the hero is totally different in orientation from that of the existentialist. Yet this does not in any way exclude the possibility of a fusion at certain points between the two. Both conceive of a man of the hour; the man of a mission; the man of lonely detachment from his fellows; the mythical man of Promethean ability to implement a course of action, whatever and to whomever the cost; the man who, in his lonely devotion, unites other men in a common effort.

Throughout his career, General de Gaulle has conscientiously identified himself with the French heroic tradition and in some ways could be shown to fuse the two historical traditions of the cult of the hero, for he has been equally admired by existentialist and Christian supporters. Only with a longer test of time will his personality come into focus as a hero of one or the other of the two traditions of French heroism.

In his *Mémoires de guerre*, de Gaulle gives expression to his beliefs in words that could have been written by a Péguy: "All my life, I have had a certain idea of France. It is inspired by feelings as well as by reason. My emotional side naturally imagines France like a fairy-tale princess or a fresco-madonna, as dedicated to an eminent and exceptional destiny. Instinctively, I have the impression that Providence has created her for complete success or exemplary misfortune. . . . Briefly, then, for me, France cannot be France without grandeur."

CREATIVITY DESPITE REPRESSION

Films and Freedom

by MARYVONNE BUTCHER

WE SEE A FINE long stretch of sunlit beach; breaking lazily upon it are the shallow summer waves; it is deserted. Suddenly, some way out, a hulking rectangular object surfaces, and as it comes closer in we see that it is a large, unattractive and clearly cheap wardrobe, carried—unevenly, since they are very ill-matched in size—by two workmen. One is small and fair, the other tall and gangling, with a straggling beard and receding dark hair. Both have mild, simple, friendly faces. They are

Miss Butcher is an English film critic who contributes regularly to *Blackfriars*, the *London Tablet* and other British publications.

very glad to have reached the shore with their wardrobe, and put it down in order to congratulate each other, wordlessly. Nothing, incidentally, seems to be very wet except their caps and the looking-glass.

They then set out for the town, over the sand-dunes. They begin to board a street-car, but neither passengers nor conductor will tolerate the idea of the wardrobe coming with them, so they proceed on foot. They meet a girl, and deposit the wardrobe in order to pursue the acquaintance further; she is nice and approachable, so they turn to pick up the wardrobe before walking along with her: to their incredulous

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astonishment she does not care for this and walks off without them. Sadly, but uncomplainingly, they accept this and go on their way.

But it is always the same; they find somewhere to live, but the wardrobe is not welcomed; they start to enter a restaurant through one of those narrow glass doors, but neither the proprietor nor the customers will entertain the pair *with* the wardrobe, and naturally they will not come in without it; they find a place to eat their lunch on a stretch of boardwalk, using the wardrobe as a seat, in an isolation that has to be seen to be believed. They try a hotel, but the owner, though he likes them, doesn't like the wardrobe, and the departing guest who was straightening his tie in its mirror does not notice when it moves, and continues to admire himself in the permanent mirror that was behind it all the time.

They are beaten up, senselessly and brutally, by some young toughs, and lurch on, exhausted but still gentle and hardly even surprised, to rest against the wardrobe in a rubbish dump. But even here some bureaucratic type comes and moves them crossly on, so they get up in a worried kind of way and go over the dunes again and down to the beach. There, between them and the waves, a small boy has built an absolute metropolis of bucket-castles, so, stepping delicately lest they should damage any, they go down to the sea and in a step or two are quite gone.

WE HAVE enjoyed thirteen minutes of deep enchantment; have been delighted, moved, absorbed, relaxed and at the same time stimulated to unwonted speculation by this parable—ambiguous, like all the best parables—which was made by a young man named Raymond Polanski, still a student at the Polish Film High School, who produced it as an exercise in the course of his studies. How often, in the West, do we see anything so intelligently original, even in experimental or free cinema? And why should this be so?

"Two Men with a Wardrobe" is simply the clinching piece of evidence leading to a conclusion that has become increasingly inescapable for the last year or so, in spite of its almost unwelcome improbability; and that is that most of the lively, original inventive cinema that one sees these days is made in countries laboring under ideological and political controls which seem odious and oppressive to citizens of the freer democracies elsewhere. Why is it that directors who suffer all the implicit and explicit limitations of creating films under an authoritarian régime are repeatedly able to produce pictures which make the majority of those turned out under merely economic pressures look tired and faded? It is significant, I think, that this applies not only to films made in the satellite countries of the Communist bloc, but also to many of those made in

Spain, where similar controls are applied from the Right.

It seems to me that this question is perhaps linked to another theory I have long cherished, which is that films are interesting in an inverse ratio to the amount of money spent upon them. The French film in the thirties, the British film during the war, the Italian neo-realist film immediately after the war, and the Indian film today all seem to bear this out. Even in America, where the technical standards of film production long ago reached a pitch far beyond that of almost any other industry, it now appears that the most interesting films, if not the most polished, are produced by men who have cut free from the great Hollywood assembly-belt. And it is perhaps relevant that Russia, where the process of film-production is more fully integrated into the state machine, generally turns out less fresh and lively pictures than her satellite countries, where the ideological pressure is more violently applied. It looks as if the rougher the external control, the more originality is demanded from the directors if they are to express their concept at all.

The Czech cinema provides a fair example. For years now the Czech films which we have been able to see at international festivals or in houses specializing in foreign films have been on interesting themes, and made with an easy competence; this is not surprising, since Czech technicians were outstanding in their own and other countries before the war. But the great glory of the Czech cinema has lain in its puppet and cartoon films, which are extraordinarily exciting. This is partly due to the influence of the great Jiri Trnka, master of the puppet film, but he is by no means alone in his glory, as the brilliant work of Karel Zeman shows. Five years ago, in Venice, Trnka's "Ancient Czech Legends"—a long puppet-film in several episodes—seemed to me then the one outstanding work at the Festival, and even now, after all this time, the memory of some of the sequences makes one catch one's breath. The terrible combat between the Young King and the Black Magician, for instance, when the Black Magician swept his great scarlet cloak right across the screen each time he made magic, produced an excitement that is rare indeed in the cinema; one had the impression of being moved on several levels simultaneously—intellectual, esthetic and technical. After a minute or so one completely forgot one was watching puppets, and the impersonality of the figures made them much weightier, more symbolic, as it were; perhaps an equivalent of the masks and conventions of the Greek classical drama.

AT BRUSSELS this year Czechoslovakia very justly carried off the Grand Prix with Karel Zeman's *Infernal Invention*. This is made with a wealth of ingenuity and affectionate reminiscence from several

Jules Verne stories; the ideological message is cut to a minimum; indeed it is confined to an almost entirely oblique denunciation of the atomic threat. But the film won its prize for an accumulation of qualities, any of which would have sufficed to lift most average films into a higher category. To begin with, it is an ingenious amalgam of live performers, drawn backgrounds, models and ordinary properties, all combined with the utmost verisimilitude. Then the images are striated, so that they look exactly like the original engravings in the Jules Verne books; as soon as I got back to London I looked up my Captain Nemo trilogy and there, in the pictures of the *Nautilus* or of the castaways on their island retreat, were precisely the static equivalents of the moving pictures I had so enjoyed a day or so before.

The plot is true to type: there is the great scientist, his enthusiastic young assistant, the mysterious stranger who whisks them away to his sea-girt fastness to make the infernal invention that will give him power over the world. There is an innocent young girl who patters blithely about the household (to the accompaniment of the most ineffably foolish themes on spinet or cornet) bearing unwanted cups of tea. Some of the sets present a deliberate nightmare of over-decoration. Yet the humor is such good humor, and the affection for the author so manifest that one has no impression of mockery.

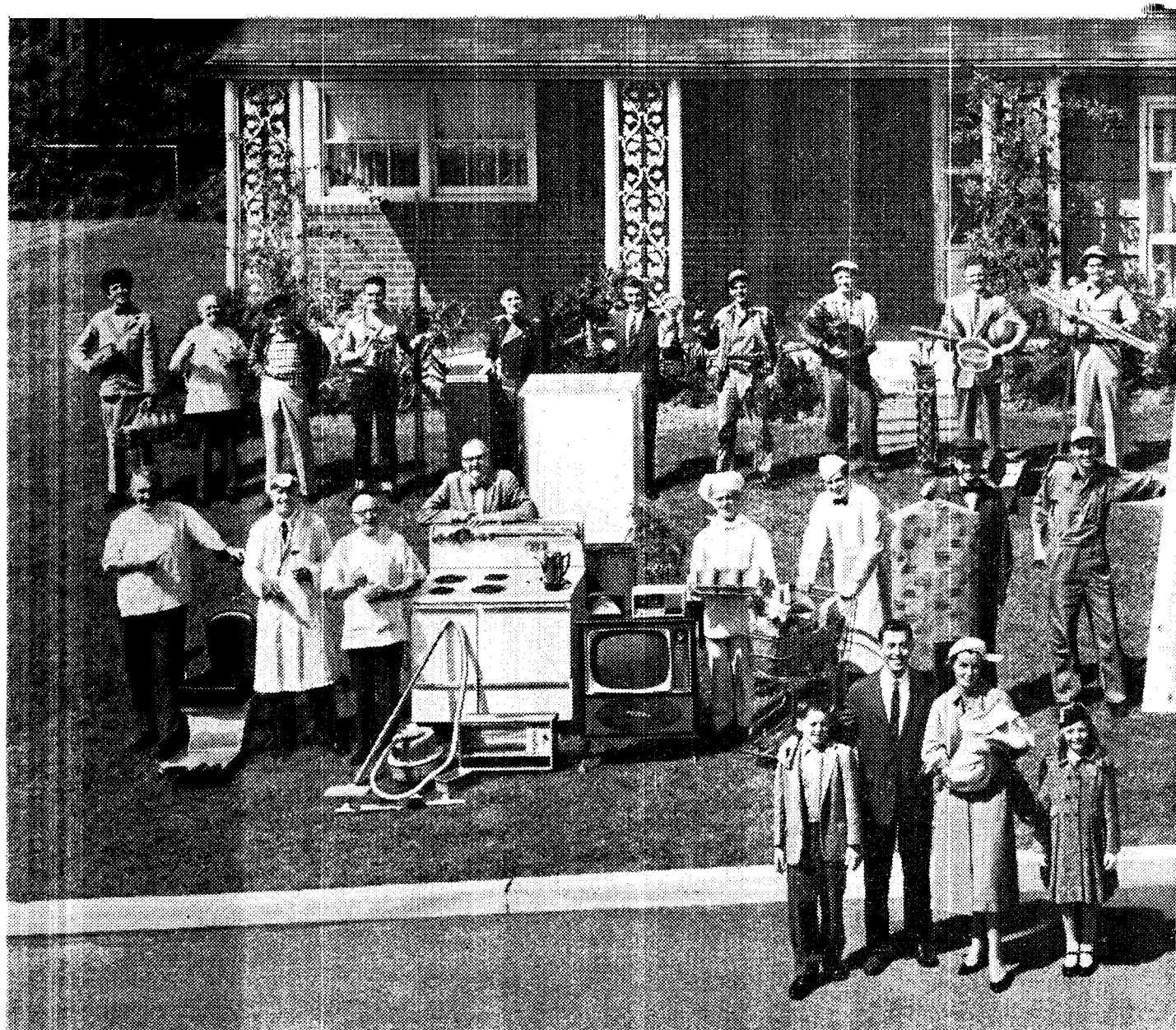
One of the major themes of the film is the wonder of progress as seen through the eyes of the characters, and indeed *never* has science been more wonderful. Balloons, submarines, flying ships, primitive telephones and moving pictures, a splendidly archaic locomotive—all trundle and fuss and jig about the screen, and everyone is thunderstruck by their magnificence. In the end, the young couple escape as the old scientist blows up the whole island rather than let his discovery (the disintegration of matter) be used by the Count for his nefarious plan of world-conquest, and we see them sailing serenely away from a mushroom cloud in their balloon, the world safe for the future. A very nice irony. The film is outstandingly original in conception and design; it is adult, humorous and kindly; it also has enormous charm which is notoriously impossible to convey. The director knew exactly what he wanted to do—I heard his press conference in which he expounded his methods—and the resulting film is just what he meant to achieve. Not that he is an arrogant man: it was rather pleasant to hear from an eyewitness that when they told him that his picture had won the prize he went scarlet with pleasure and astonishment, and refused to believe it.

Early Yugoslav pictures, in contrast, were of a suffocating boredom and full of every imaginable cliché of thought and technique, but of late they have tautened, quickened, freshened and acquired a previously un-

known quality of gaiety. One does not know enough about the state of the industry there to pursue any enquiry as to whether all this change for the better is contingent upon the change of political climate in the country. Whether, for instance, the increasing defiance of the Kremlin involved any special encouragement of the directors to be more independent of the Soviet party line, though certainly not of orthodox Marxism. Be that as it may, there was on view in Berlin in 1956 a rousing historical-nationalistic Yugoslav picture called “Song of the Kumbara” which was full of zest and action, and remarkably well-acted in the bargain; it left one with a great feeling of sympathy for Yugoslav independence. At Cannes, in the following year, Yugoslavia showed “The Valley of Peace,” which managed to make its mark even in a year that was exceptionally strong in iron-curtain stories, what with the Polish “Kanal” and the Russian “The Forty-first.” This year, in Brussels, Yugoslavia sprang another surprise, with a delightful film called “Saturday Night.” Directed by a young man called Vladimir Pogacic, this is a picture in three loosely-linked episodes, which simply set out to show what Saturday night can mean to various people. It is beautifully acted, well-scripted, and the cutting is excellent; one was continually moved, interested and entertained. In fact, the enchanting sequence with which it ended—couples dancing in the rain under open umbrellas, shot from every angle and with the most enterprising lighting—drew tremendous applause from the rather stuffy Brussels audience.

What was interesting about this picture, apart from the direction, was its moral wholesomeness: no sermon could have put a case better, or indeed have chosen a more telling one. And secondly, the fact that all the people were credible human beings; there was not a trace of the staginess, the patronage that so often ruins “social-realism” documents. The director looked upon his characters with compassion and with kindness, with an affectionately alert observation, and the result for the spectator was extremely exhilarating. And yet, from what we learn about Yugoslavia today, one would hardly have expected anything so light-hearted, vigorous and self-assured to come out of this country, in such a very hazardous political position—living on borrowed time as well as borrowed money—and with an imperfectly accepted Communism superimposed on an ancient Christian tradition providing the ingredients of a highly explosive internal situation as well.

PERHAPS, THOUGH, we are quite wrong in not being able to see that a fluid, dangerous situation is the most promising seedbed for good cinema. For present-day Poland is undoubtedly turning out some of the most vigorous films to be seen anywhere. Aleksander Ford, Andrzej Wajda and their colleagues in the Polish cinema are directors who can hold their own



Everyone has a stake in a better business climate

The photograph above shows some of the people whose products or services are used by a typical employee in industry and his family. This is an example of the chain reaction of benefits set off by just one job in a community.

Further dramatic proof of the importance of jobs is provided by a recent survey* which shows that 100 industrial jobs in a community can create:

- 74 additional jobs
- 112 more households
- 4 more retail stores
- 296 more residents in the community
- \$590,000 more income per year
- \$360,000 more in retail sales per year

The jobs that bring widespread benefits like these to a community depend on healthy and profitable businesses. And business, in order to grow and prosper,

looks to the community for a healthy business climate.

What are some of the conditions which make an ideal business climate? They are the same things that thoughtful people in a community want for themselves:

Honest and efficient government, supported by a strong majority of alert and well-informed voters who have the balanced best interests of the community at heart.

Fair taxes for both business and individuals, without restrictive regulations or discriminatory financial burdens.

Conscientious law enforcement which protects the rights of all citizens, corporate and private.

Equitable pay and benefits which reward employees for applying their full effort and skill to the job.

*"What Industrial Jobs Mean To A Community," U.S. Chamber of Commerce



Responsible union leadership and freedom from unwarranted strikes and slow-downs where collective bargaining is in effect.

Qualified people to fill employment needs, with educational facilities to prepare people for a wide range of jobs.

Adequate community facilities such as stores, banks, utilities, transportation, hospitals, and commercial services.

A social and cultural atmosphere in which people will enjoy living and working, including schools, churches, libraries, theaters, a responsible press, and healthful recreational facilities.

Throughout America, businesses, municipal and state governments, and individual citizens are taking an increased interest in gaining these good business climate conditions for their communities.

There is still much to be done, however, on local, state, and national levels. You can help by asserting your views on the need for a good business climate—as a member of community organizations, in civic planning activities, and at the polls. You'll be helping achieve the conditions that will enable your local businesses to operate successfully—with the greatest benefit to you.

To find out more about how you can help appraise and improve the business climate in your community, write to Business Climate, Dept. T, Box 2490, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.



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with feature films anywhere; but the most admirable thing about them is not their technical virtuosity, which after all can be taught, and learned too if the material is receptive enough, but the pulsating energy and confidence that makes the impact of their films come like a revelation after the slackness and repetitiveness of so many Western films. Just as the men dancers of the Bolshoi ballet were dynamic masculine bombshells to most of us here, making our own excellent male dancers look slightly diffident and fatigued in comparison, so the fierce drive of the contemporary Polish cinema, its apparently boundless self-confidence and enthusiasm—very marked, too, in the personal mannerisms and conversation of Wajda when he showed “Kanal” at Cannes—makes one feel bothered about much of our own routine, box-office entertainment. One gets something of the Wordsworthian feeling that “bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, but to be young was very heaven” from the spectacle of such teeming invention and easy power. Yet what country could be in more delicate a situation; painfully working out an equilibrium between the massive menace of Russia on the one side, and its own fiery nationalism on the other, the whole problem unspeakably complicated by the force of the repressed Catholicism which has always been the very life-blood of Polish culture. One would have thought that all this would have used every scrap of energy available: but not a bit—they have enough and to spare for good cinema, too.

Swinging round to the other end of the arc, we find much the same thing in Spain, where again the control is repressive, the situation almost as explosive, the economics just as insecure. For the films we get from Spain, made by Bardem or Berlanga or Vajda, have just this resurgent freshness, this force and drive, this impression that the directors have much more to say than they have room or time for. Such films as “Bienvenido Mr. Marshall” or “Death of a Cyclist” or “Calle Mayor” are filled with ideas, meaty films that send you away in an uprush of argument, even when you acknowledge their imperfections. They are, it would seem, the symptoms of an intellectual climate that is markedly fertile.

COULD IT, then, be possible that at the present time the great powers are so locked in their struggle for pre-eminence, so bedeviled by their predicament that the effort takes all the available creative oxygen, leaving the artists too listless to invent boldly? That, in fact, the sterilizing effects of the fall-out seem to be felt first in the generation of ideas, and that in the cinema this sterility is insidiously attacking the directors in the countries involved most deeply. In this connection it is perhaps worth noting that the Russian directors have been much more muscle-bound than those in the satellites, and the emergence of “The

Cranes are Flying” has everywhere been greeted with delight and astonishment precisely because of its freshness, its exuberance, as if this were something unusual in the Soviet cinema of today, as indeed it is. As the glaciers of the cold war move imperceptibly forward, the dinosaurs—Russia, America, the European West—find themselves almost immobilized by their own defensive processes, but the pterodactyls are already making those first tentative flights that will perhaps evolve in another order altogether.

This is fanciful, of course, but it may be worth considering. The extreme psychological and practical pressures to which these smaller nations are subjected may be forcing their cinema into a crystallization that is both sharper and clearer than the results that the West can produce from the same raw materials of character and environment under pressures that are less acute but more depressive.

There are other factors, of course, such as the heavy state subsidies, the encouragement given to works that will prove useful as propaganda both within and without the home market, the need to canalize the efforts of young artists, and a genuine conviction that respectable artistic creation is valuable in itself as well as being a proof that the régime is an improvement on the old state of affairs: but none of these is sufficient explanation of what is happening. This, I think, can only be understood in terms of a climate of opinion which is, I am persuaded, at least to a certain extent established by the pressure which we have here mentioned. However unpalatable the idea may be, we are driven, I think, to the conclusion that in many ways box-office pressures are more harmful to artistic creation than are the restrictions of ideological controls and even repression by a tyranny.

TERESA DE CEPEDA

After Bernini

This nun the flaming lance could sanctify
Bernini carved agape in ecstasy
and limp from languishing in her dark night,
her sculptured trance the rapture of a bride
whose heart, love-quicken, quickens at a touch
like the breast of a held and frightened tanager
all heartbeat, heartbeat, heartbeat in the hand.

A child, she dreamed of wars with Saracens
and finding glory quickly far from Spain . . .
This sculpturing crusades her soldier's lot
reversed and paradoxed in permanent rock.
Vanquished, Teresa kneels in victory,
her face transfigured by His ravishing,
her love surrendered sacred as a flag.

SAMUEL J. HAZO.

Even the Teddy Boys who participated were
not moved primarily by any notion of white supremacy

Race Riots in Britain

by J. L. BENVENISTI

SHOCKING and revolting as they were, the race riots that recently occurred in Britain have at least one encouraging feature. They were not inspired by a perverted ideology or by an indefensible social theory—and in a sense this makes the matter much easier to deal with.

Even the Teddy Boys, who triggered off the whole affair, were not primarily moved by any notions of *Apartheid* or white supremacy, but regarded “nigger hunting,” as they so amiably call it, as nothing but a new and spicy variation of an established sport. When they tire of it—and the severe prison sentences imposed must already have dimmed its attractions—the Teddy Boys will no doubt once more find their fun in the bashing and harrying of inoffensive white citizens, quite frequently including the aged and infirm.

Color prejudice does exist in Britain, of course, but it has never been strong enough to get itself rationalized into a philosophic theory and amounts to little more than a distrust of the alien and unfamiliar. Even so, genuine intimacy between white and colored—save at the higher social and intellectual levels—is relatively rare, and colored people often have the most fearful difficulty in finding a place to live. When they congregate, as they are too often driven to do, in degraded and ramshackle surroundings, they tend, simply because they stand out, to become targets for the frustration of the impoverished whites who also inhabit such places. If such men are without work, then it is because the colored people are taking all the jobs. If they cannot get homes, it is because the colored people are buying up all the houses—and so on and so on.

Most of this is unutterable nonsense—particularly the notion that colored people, who number less than one-half per cent of the population, are causing unemployment among white workers. Indeed, as the *Economist* was recently at some pains to point out, the opposite is the case. Colored immigrants, because they are less encumbered than the average with dependents, are highly mobile and make up a large part of that flexible labor reserve without which bottlenecks would develop to the grave detriment of the smooth

functioning of industry. Far from endangering the employment of white workers, therefore, they are actually making it more secure. Unfortunately, these truths are not immediately apparent to the white worker out of a job, nor is it easy to disabuse the mind of the old-age pensioner of the idea that his pittance would be more generous if so much of the money were not, as he supposes, being used to keep vast numbers of colored immigrants on relief.

The childishness of such illusions does not, of course, lessen the ill feeling they tend to generate, nor, it must in fairness be admitted, is offensive conduct on the part of the colored people entirely unknown. The colored folk in Great Britain, particularly the West Indians, are on the whole a happily and, all too often, a noisily uninhibited set of beings, with a great propensity for playing gramophones too often, too loudly and above all too long. Such *joie de vivre* is not without its engaging aspects, but it does not make for good neighborly relations.

More serious is the frequently repeated charge that colored people manage often to get possession of run-down houses, evict the white tenants and then in turn rent accommodations to too many colored people who can find no other place to go—a crime of which white entrepreneurs are by no means innocent. Even if we allow—as we most certainly should—a gigantic discount for exaggeration and sheer mendacity in these reports, it still appears that there is a certain substratum of truth in them.

WHEN all is said and done, however, neither the vague dislike which many British people most certainly have for a colored face nor the largely mild and certainly infrequent offenses by the colored people themselves could possibly have produced the explosion. It needed the horrible tensions arising out of slum conditions, and even then the probability is that nothing would have happened had not the Teddy Boys stepped in.

The significant fact about this lamentable affair, therefore, is not that a certain number of colored people have been beaten up and terrorized, deplorable as this may be. The significant fact is that the new Britain

Mr. Benvenisti, a British economist and writer, is a frequent contributor to this magazine.

should still contain the slums that are breeding grounds for such dreadful happenings, and that we should still have—to quote the *Economist*—“the kind of education that leaves . . . young people with nothing better or more inspiring to do than to be ruffians”.

There is certain consolation in this fact, since given time, effort, patience—and above all money—these things are at least potentially remediable. We need not despair of removing the main operative causes of the evil. Even now, if the police are vigilant and the law continues to function with its present retributive severity—a severity that has earned a quite remarkable degree of public approbation—it is possible that we may have seen the last of the trouble, or very nearly so. What is really disturbing is the consequences that have begun to flow from it in the form of popular reactions.

THERE has been a discernible cleavage between the opinions expressed on this matter by the press and members of Parliament and other responsible persons, on the one hand, and the reports, on the other, of what is being said by the man in the street.

The latter show evidence of a marked—indeed almost a strident—demand for restriction of immigration, not necessarily because the man in the street is an anti-colored fanatic, but because he fears that colored people may easily become the occasion of disorder, or because he fears their competition and regards them as a threat to living standards. The press, members of Parliament and public figures generally, however, have refrained from advocating such a course; at most they have asked for powers to deport people convicted of certain specific offenses, particularly those connected with the vice traffic, and for refusal of entry to those with criminal records—which is not unreasonable. Unfortunately this is a case where the reasoned and cautious policy may not prevail; the demand for a restriction of immigration is so strong that it might conceivably become politically effective, and this would be nothing less than a disaster.

At first glance the case for restriction is plausible. Though none of the dominions and colonies has a legally enacted quota system on the American pattern, all their governments do possess discretionary restrictive powers which on occasions they do not hesitate to use. Australia, for instance, avowedly pursues a White Australia policy and even Englishmen desiring to enter Australia or Canada as immigrants cannot regard the grant of the necessary permits as a foregone conclusion. Britain alone throws her doors open to any British subject and to any citizen of the Commonwealth who wishes to settle and work here, asking no questions as to color, character, or even the possession of means. (Oddly enough, this arrangement even applies to Eire, which is not a member of the Commonwealth.)

Thus the humblest African laborer, if he is a British subject, can claim a privilege which a Frenchman or German or even the wealthiest and most distinguished American can attain only as an act of grace. This policy may at first sight appear anomalous, but then, as head of the Commonwealth, Britain is in a unique position. This right of entry and residence is a most powerful symbol of the equality such a man enjoys with the citizens of the United Kingdom and the most effective of all the bonds that hold the British Commonwealth together.

This is only the beginning of the story. For people in the British dependencies and in the underdeveloped countries of the Commonwealth there is a powerful mystique that surrounds the United Kingdom. Despite much evidence that might have led to the contrary opinion, it is still for them the teacher of right living, the model of the good society, the place where there is always abundance and where kindness and justice walk the streets. Their loyalty derives largely from the conviction that they have a stake in this wonderful place, that they too are citizens of no mean city children of a Bountiful Motherland.

Recent events have, alas, demonstrated very painfully that the Bountiful Motherland is not all she is cracked up to be, but the damage is not irreparable. It will only become so if Britain closes her doors upon her children. So say people who are in an undoubted position to know—like, for instance, the Prime Minister of Eastern Nigeria. Their views can be summarized in one sentence: If Britain restricts immigration, the Commonwealth will fall to pieces. It is as simple as that.

Seventy-five per cent of the Commonwealth's inhabitants are colored. If all goes well, within little more than a generation these people will be culturally and even economically our equals, and Britain's claim to leadership will have become a thing of the past. What then will remain to bind them to us? Nothing but the fact that they enjoy full rights of citizenship in the country, rights as unchallengeable as those of an resident in Bristol or Manchester. Throw that away and everything is lost.

There is, of course, still hope that wisdom will prevail, but, granting this, one is still left with a certain nagging anxiety over another aspect of the matter. Even if the people who are clamoring for restriction fail to get what they want, the fact still remains that they obviously fail to realize the nature and consequences of their demands—in short, they completely fail to realize what the Commonwealth is. This raises a serious query whether the kind of egalitarian society now developing in Britain can really act as the leader of a complex and boldly imagined a thing as the British Commonwealth of Nations, and that perhaps is the most disquieting question of all.

THE SCREEN

FAUSTUS AT THE BAT

IF THERE'S any one department in which movies are usually weak it's fantasy. Somehow flights of fancy and light moods vanish before cinema's realistic camera; so it is all the more surprising that the stage's musical success, "Damn Yankees," is equally successful as a film. Most credit should go to George Abbott and Stanley Donen, who served as co-producers and co-directors and who made no attempt to go fey with diaphanous cloud props. Abbott's good script, which was based on the play he wrote with Douglass Wallop from Wallop's novel *The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant*, takes itself for granted and expects you to believe, within the range of a musical comedy and for the time being at least, that these strange things are really happening. The lively songs by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross, the bright choreography by Bob Fosse, the good cast including chorus boys who look and act like ballplayers—all this and intelligent use of Technicolor too make "Damn Yankees" an adult musical film of unusual entertainment.

It starts on a mundane note, with a middle-aged couple. She is singing a lament about being a widow for "Six Months Out of Every Year" while her husband, a rabid baseball fan, concentrates on the games. And he, complaining that his favorite Washington Senators are doing so badly, says he'd sell his soul for a long-ball hitter. Up pops the Devil, in the guise of Mr. Applegate, and he makes a deal with the man, changing him into a young, first-rate ball player, portrayed by Tab Hunter in a very creditable performance.

The picture, of course, really belongs to Ray Walston, who is brilliant as Applegate, a sophisticated Devil who would go to any lengths to grab off a soul, and to Gwen Verdon, as Lola, an old witch called up by Applegate and made as seductive as possible to win Tab. Although Tab is a tremendous success with the Senators, who are soon expected to win the pennant, he gets lonesome for his wife; and Applegate hopes he'll fall for Lola. She tries hard enough with her clever satire on a strip-tease in "What Lola Wants, Lola Gets," but her methods are too old-fashioned. The plot sags a bit when a reporter (Rae Allen) accuses the Senators' star of being a fake, but the musical numbers always perk up the picture again, especially the charming locker-room ditty, "You've Gotta Have Heart," and the peppy song-and-dance done by Gwen Verdon and Bob Fosse to "Who's Got the Pain," and the fast, flyed-in-red-Technicolor ballet led by tireless Verdon and Tab to "Two Lost Souls." Needless to say, "Damn Yankees" is not the usual honeysuckle-and-roses comedy for the young fry, but it hits a good batting average for audiences wanting something different.

AN EVEN HANDSOMER movie is "The Barbarian and the Geisha." This American film, which Producer Eugene Frenke made in Japan, has stunning photography in De Luxe Color and CinemaScope. It is hard to believe, however, that John Huston ("Treasure of Sierra Madre," "African Queen," "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison," "Moby Dick") directed this slow-moving film that has an interesting idea but never really comes to life. Perhaps the story of Townsend Harris, the first foreign diplomat to enter forbidden Japan, has possibilities for a movie; but it would have to be a shorter, faster movie than "The Barbarian and the Geisha," and one that makes sharper points about the importance of opening Japan in 1856 when Harris found himself so unwelcome there. Charles Grayson's script vacillates back and forth between the two title characters, and the viewer isn't sure whose side he's on, that of Harris and his arguments for understanding and world progress or that of the geisha girl who is assigned to his household by the officials in the seaport town of Shimoda where Harris is kept waiting before he is presented to the Shogun at Yedo.

Director Huston manages to give us many charming scenes showing the backwardness of Japan a hundred years ago, and the Japanese singer Eiko Ando is delightful and appealing as the geisha girl who keeps Harris entertained. Although the film suggests that Harris and this lovely girl were attracted to each other, it wisely and carefully avoids any attachment beyond that. Unfortunately cast as Harris, John Wayne never seems to grasp the full meaning of this delicate role. Complete with sideburns, Wayne occasionally looks all right as the representative of President Pierce, but at other times he seems ill at ease, as if he were looking for his gun and saddle in the fastidious Japanese surroundings. The scenes in which he is finally led to the Shogun are more impressive for their beauty and elaborate décor than for the arguments offered by Wayne as Harris. History records that Townsend Harris actually made a good and reasonable treaty with Japan on this visit, but the film is more interested in the geisha, who is no doubt more pictorial than an idea and a scrap of paper.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

THE SOUL OF A PEOPLE

ABOUT THE EVENT of the Muscovite Moiseyev Dance Company in our theater, there was such bright zest and glow, such physical festivity, that no resistance was possible, nor any offered.

OCTOBER 17, 1958

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Yet I was conscious, and cannot think myself singular in this, of an ambiguity threading my response to the event, qualifying the total pleasure it so energetically sought to impose. This had not, I am sure, centrally to do with that ultimate limitation on all folk substance in art, for Mr. Igor Moiseyev, the ensemble director, is a theater personage most sophisticated and subtle, a child of the ballet's high artifice, and one with ambitious concepts of folk dance as "a summary of the national character"—decidedly, he is no glamorous rube hot off the Tartar steppes, brandishing his trusty scimitar with pagan glee. Nor did my reserve come out of that cheated sense which affronts us so often in "official" images of American experience, the conviction that the life represented has no impulse but a mollifying triviality, that it is but a puppet-show, of poor, bright, silly, cheap dolls. On the contrary, the reality of life in these Soviet dancers is absolute and not to be challenged. It has its authority in that final realism of the body, of physical exuberance and passionate freshness, which is no more to be counterfeited in art than in life.

What I speak of is not so much a presence as a haunting absence, and I may perhaps suggest it best by evoking a flavor of this world of Soviet folk. It is, need one say, absolutely a community, dominated by a collectivism esthetic and otherwise which is, as Mr. Harold Clurman notes, "not merely organizational but organic: the individuals achieve freedom, power and pleasure through their being a group, sharing common sentiments, living one life, experiencing a creative unity." There is the charm of tension dissolved, of all human division elided except the delightful one of male and female. Indeed, this sexual wholesomeness, with its sharp definition of role and traditional assurance, is a most appealing and harmonious motif in the Soviet image. The men are gallant peacocks, roguish of eye and not very bright; the girls are mischievously coy, sweetly amused by so much swagger, and ultimately triumphant. Eroticism never clouds the pastoral scene, but everybody flirts like crazy. No one gets married, but you are sure they will; for everyone, sooner or later, there is going to be *someone* (except Yurochka, a rural sport who plays the field once too often. Herewith the chorus: "Oh Georgie, why don't you get married, The winter will come and where will you go?" So much for Don Juan and the romantic agony.) When it is not an amorous innocence or drollery of village manners, the humor is a masculine roughhouse of tumbling puppies. Of solitude, there is no evidence; in personality, no interest.

All of which composes, through Mr. Moiseyev's powerful and selective expression, an image of experience and desirable value totally without cost: what I should choose to call a profoundly unromantic view of life, and what Mr. Virgil Thomson once referred to as the ambition of all Soviet esthetics, the attempts to

create "a nonexplosive, a foolproof kind of art, a beauty with no strangeness in the proportion." It is not anything so insistent and obvious as propaganda of which one speaks, but rather a remarkable—indeed, when one reflects on Russian temperament and literature and song, a phenomenal—enterprise in cultural restatement. Of the light which falls on Turgenev's landscapes, the plangent swell in a Rachmaninoff song, the furnace and barbarism at the heart of Dostoevsky, even the private lamentation of those unnerving structures of Tchaikovsky—nothing; no trace, no echo: the slate has been wiped clean. Mr. Moiseyev has simply omitted to note on the hospital chart of his people and the world one of its most violent fevers of soul. And such is the audacity, carried off with so magisterial a poise, such conviction of reality, that one is moved to fresh awe at this monstrous power of the human will, conjoined with art, to shape the tangled stuffs of life to its own imperious truth.

Yet life has a way of getting its own back, and for the success of that attempt to create "a foolproof kind of art," the precedent is nonexistent. For while one may draw impulse and release from the clear simplicities of folk substance, they are not to be created by will: the original desire and light which brought them into existence by demanding new bodies, new forms, has dissolved, leaving only the decorative shell which we may animate but never again inhabit. Mr. Moiseyev, as artist, has just begun to cope with the intractability of this law. No one, for example, responsive to the amorous elegance and curiously subtle sexual refinement of the pre-Revolutionary "Suite of Old Russian Dances," could fail to think the World War II "Partisans" episode—"heroic struggle in the Caucasus," lady machine gunners, wounded comrade helped to safety, and so on—a very pretty piece of trumpery, glib and sterile in feeling as it is brilliant in execution. That its *coup de théâtre*—a delightful illusionist's trick in which dancers covered by long cloaks simulate horsemen riding over the steppes—that this child's fancy stole the show, goes only to prove what great babies we are, Russians and Americans all. People who insist on such deception and identity should, as Mr. Stark Young once advised, "frequent the dog and pony show. There they would see perfect naturalness, perfect illusion. Rover does not indeed act dog. Rover *is* dog."

It may not be an idleness finally—returning to that theme, from which these essays have made so extravagant a diversion, of "the rich dazzle and multiplicity of forms, each with its various beauty and denial and insistence, by which men represent themselves in time"—to consider briefly this triad of masters of the worldless theater, all with their separate fierce wills of art: the two disabused children of the West, and the man who would speak for "the soul of a people." Miss Martha Graham would think Mr. Moiseyev's claim

impertinent, and perhaps irrelevant: she speaks only for her own buffeted egotism of spirit, out of that archaic light and thirst for the absolute which have driven her to create a private rhetoric of passion. Reality she would see as a disastrous solitude, an eschatological thing. When Mr. Robbins, in his softer accents, speaks, it is also of solitude, but of solitude within a community of the lost. And if one stands with them at the last, it is not out of loyalty, nor because their images are more beautiful or complete—often they give us pain, and they are just as hot with private certitude as those of the Soviets—but because theirs is an art of possibility, permitting statement to what denies and qualifies, to what gives testimony of failure and guilt and the thing desired or feared. All of which, to be sure, may be used against us, may give evidence of our decline and decay from within. But if the Western image cuts away from life too many things that we know to be rich and socially good and comforting, the Soviet image omits too many things that we know to be true. It is not a lie, but a refusal to acknowledge. It is the new Garden of Eden, created in man's likeness, and it reminds me, ironically, of Freud's remark when he sailed from New York for the last time: "America is a great experiment," he observed, "but I do not think it will succeed."

RICHARD HAYES.

OF NOTE

CONTROVERSY IN NEW YORK

EACH WEEK in a syndicated column called "The Question Box," originating in the *Catholic Messenger* (407 Brady Street, Davenport, Iowa; \$3 a year), Monsignor J. D. Conway answers questions from readers. In the issue of Sept. 18 he answers a question about the controversy over artificial contraception in the New York hospitals, a subject discussed in these pages by James Finn in the Sept. 12th issue. The question and Monsignor Conway's answer follow:

Q. On this matter of birth control information in New York hospitals (city-owned), don't non-Catholics have the civil right to this information, as Catholics do to play bingo? The Catholic comment I have read has never considered the right of Protestants.

A. No one has a right to do something wrong; and birth control is wrong, not by Catholic law, but by the natural law of God.

However, the solution to the problem in New York is not as simple as that. There, as everywhere in this country, we live in a pluralistic society . . . [This]

means that Catholics, Jews, Orthodox, and a variety of Protestants all live in the same city and State. It means that whites and blacks and a smattering of other races share the same community; and the militarists and pacifists, Democrats and Republicans, the National Association of Manufacturers and the Teamsters must somehow find a formula for peace.

I do not believe that the problem in New York is concerned with birth control information, but with the prescribing and fitting of contraceptive devices. It seems that for many years there has been a regulation in all the public hospitals of New York City which forbids doctors to utilize birth control devices in these hospitals. I doubt that Catholics are responsible for this regulation. Like the anti-birth-control laws of Massachusetts and Connecticut it was probably put into effect by Protestants, who were opposed to the practice in those days. But thinking has changed, and the direct descendants of those strict Protestants now hold birth control to be a wise and holy and humanitarian practice. Not only is it essential to the mature modern planning of families and the solving of the world's population problems, they say, it is particularly needed in some medical cases in which conception would mean "tragedy." And its proponents hold that man vicious—hardly less than a murderer—who would withhold it in such cases.

Only Catholics hold firmly to the old ideas. They strongly insist that you may never do evil so that good may result from it. And they maintain that birth control is contrary to God's plans for the reasonable use of sexual instincts. Their argument does not faze their strong opponents.

It seems that for several years now there has been agitation in New York medical circles to get rid of this regulation. The Hospital Commissioner for the city is Dr. Morris A. Jacobs, and earlier this year he made a statement about permitting all "proper and accepted therapeutic practices" in the hospitals. Some doctors interpreted this to mean that he was ready to disregard the old rule. So one of them prescribed a contraceptive device for a woman who was a patient in one of the hospitals, and for whom the medical indications were definite. She should not have another child. But Doctor Jacobs would not permit the procedure. He invoked the old regulation, and the fat sputtered all over the fire—and the nation.

Catholics have supported Doctor Jacobs. Protestant and Jewish organizations generally lined up in opposition, seconded by the big city newspapers and the American Civil Liberties Union.

The basic Catholic contention is that hospitals which are supported in large measure by their taxes should not be centers for immoral practice. The basic contrary argument is that Catholics should not try to ram their own ideas of morality down the unwilling throats of

those who disagree. And they call loudly for their civil rights—even though they are not right—without much regard for the rights of others.

Something will have to give. It is generally by tolerance that we are able to live peacefully with those who disagree with us. Sometimes we have to put up with things which are wrong and offensive. We can never condone them or take part in them, but we close our eyes to them. Usually the reason for such tolerance is that greater evil would result from active opposition or attempts at suppression.

Is tolerance called for in this case? It may not be very prudent or humble of me to take a stand at variance with certain learned theologians who are right on the ground and know all the facts. But I must be honest, and I believe that little permanent good will be accomplished and much harm done by continued intransigent efforts to maintain this admirable regulation. It is the rearguard action of a battle which has been lost all over the country.

The evils of trying to maintain and enforce the regulation will be many: bitterness will be fostered, prejudice increased, and bigots will revitalize their favorite stale chestnut. They will have horrible proof to convince their fearful listeners that the Roman menace must be crushed before its tyranny and intolerance suppress all American liberties.

The good will be limited. We will not convince anyone of the immorality of birth control by forbidding it to them contrary to their convictions. We will rather make them staunch fighters against the prohibition, and convert the condemned practice into a holy cause. Our regulations may limit the practice slightly, but effective bootlegging methods will circumvent our efforts.

However, we should not give in easily. For that reason I would praise those who have staunchly defended the Catholic position up to the present time. In our tolerance we must not give the impression that we are unconcerned, that we hold moral principle of little moment, that peace is more precious than God's law.

Certainly vociferous Catholic opposition has served to strengthen our own people, and has impressed our opponents that the matter is important to us. If we give in, it must be clear that we do so for motives of tolerance only: because we respect the sincere consciences of those who oppose us—wrong though they be; and because we realize that we cannot legislate morality effectively against the honest convictions of a large segment of the population.

And in the process of giving in we should somehow convey the message that we expect a measure of tolerance in return. I am not concerned with bingo; it is a corny bore. But there is definite lack of tolerance in the program of the Protestant Council of the City of New York, which claims to be giving its all for civil rights. They explicitly state that a Catholic nurse would be expected to assist a physician in fitting a contraceptive device, no matter how much it violates her conscience.

Such lack of fairness and logic makes tolerance difficult, but there is the more virtue in it. It is easy to love those who love us . . .

THE GRAIL ANNOUNCES AN ESSAY CONTEST FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS

"HOLIDAY of ARTS"

as part of the "Holiday of Arts," a Christmas festival of the visual arts, poetry and music, Dec. 7-29 in New York.

Essays of not more than 1500 words on one of these topics:

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- MODERN ART IN CHRISTIAN LIFE
- CONDITIONS FOR VITAL RELIGIOUS ART

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JUDGES

Rev. Harold Gardiner, S.J.; Richard Gilman

RULES

Essays should be typed, double-space, on one side of paper. Contest is open to any college student, graduate or undergraduate. (Entries will not be returned.)

Essays should be submitted before Nov. 15, 1958 to Holiday of Arts Essay Contest, Grail Center, 370 Riverside Drive, N. Y. RI 9-1620.

AN APPEAL

Dom Bede Griffiths, O.S.B., a monk of Prinknash Abbey, England, and a frequent contributor to this magazine, is now working, with special permission, in Kerala, South India. There he is helping to establish a monastic community which embodies the Hindu ideal of poverty and simplicity by living at the same level as the poor Indian villagers, while at the same time it follows the Western monastic rule of St. Benedict.

This new Benedictine Ashram community began in a hut of palm leaves too flimsy to withstand the three-months monsoon season with its torrential rains. Now Dom Bede writes that the community needs between two and three thousand dollars to pay for the construction of a stone building with a concrete floor and a corrugated iron roof. Readers who wish to send donations for this purpose should make them out, and mail them, to: Dr. Mary Allen, St. Michael's Mews, Rectory Road, Farnborough, Hants, England.

Portentous Themes of a Troubled Epoch

CHILD OF OUR TIME. By Michel del Castillo. Translated by Peter Green. Knopf. \$3.75

By WILLIAM DUNLEA

THE ALIAS Michel del Castillo has chosen for his autobiographical novel is "Tanguy." This "child of our time" was born twenty-five years ago in Madrid, of a French father and Spanish mother, three years before the civil war. His father, a feckless bourgeois opportunist, deserted them at its outset and returned to France; his mother, a journalist and indefatigable *ism*-ist, gave her all for the Republican cause, until there was no Republic. Among Tanguy's earliest memories are that of her nightly broadcasts and of her being imprisoned by the Communist militia.

The two escape to France, where they are vouchsafed some assistance by the father, but following a bitter wrangle he denounces his wife to the authorities. Accordingly she and Tanguy are interned in a camp for political exiles in the Midi; there he contracts pleurisy and is moved to the infirmary; one of the attending nuns succeeds in placing the boy in a nearby school while his mother convalesces. Just as he begins to taste of the childhood joys he has been denied, his mother again whisks him off.

France has been half-occupied by the Germans two years when Tanguy's mother is finally able to avail herself of a chance to slip back into Spain with a party en route to join the Free French. Even without the preparation the child can understand one of this; he clings to her promise that she has arranged to get him out a week later. Before the week, and upon his ninth birthday the house where he is waiting is raided because it is sheltering Jews. He is arrested with them and they are led into sealed boxcars bound for a German concentration camp, from which young Tanguy is one of the few to emerge at all. Even if he is only plunged into a new maelstrom of struggle for life, at least all his

necessary faculties for that struggle remain essentially unimpaired.

Tanguy's tragedy is that he is a boy who was never a child; an exile who never had a home; a *déclassé* without a background. A victim of war to be sure, but an orphan of love also. His obsession to find his parents is symbolic, for the yoke of their indifference has worn him so deeply that only by confronting them can he possibly become a person. Quest unifies life, and love, the X factor in all lives, is the quest most compulsive; but hope is its pivot. The title given the concluding half devoted to Tanguy's quest is quite simply and significantly, "Shattered Illusions."

Child of Our Time is the kind of novel destined to be devoured by its theme. This is a magnum theme that taps all the portentous questions of this epoch. As fiction it would communicate symptoms, as fact it bears a stigma. While it is as fictional narrative that it scores its impact, it is as fact alone that it reads into one's consciousness.

Far from "artless," however, is the telling. Michel del Castillo is an instinctive craftsman expressing in lucid French what he experienced resolutely in Spanish. His narrative, wiry and piercing, yields momentum only toward the end. One is violently moved—much the more since Castillo is disarmingly without vindictiveness—yet it is in that incomparably less personal way that we are moved by a story which we acknowledge to be true.

For we are too frequently and uneasily conscious that this is after all a novel, autobiographic or not. And even as its horrors are being related in relays one may catch himself in such pious evasions as "there but for the grace of God," "the sins of the fathers, etc." Through purging self the author presses home the nexus of our common guilt. But this guilt is congenital as well as acquired, and only the reader who perceives that the author is, therefore, one of *us* will have a proper sense of participation in these events.

Light-hearted Attack on Decorum

THE DUD AVOCADO. By Elaine Dundy. Dutton. \$3.50.

By ALICE ELLEN MAYHEW

THE LAST generation that went to Paris, thirty years *après* Hemingway, is again moved by the restlessness of vague desires. Like their predecessors, its members fancy themselves *les "compliqués"* and their chronicles are still heir to a train of spoiled festivities and dashed hopes. (No doubt, it also presents an astonishingly accurate forecast of generations to come.) But, unlike Brett Ashley and company, who if they did not create at least pin-pointed a mood, these young people are energetically in search of a mood. Hemingway's characters are hangers-on. Miss Dundy's satirical cast of internation-

als, most of whom are more colorful than plausible, are on the make. They are immune to the blandishments of his extravagant romanticism, which they regard as slightly "cornball."

For centuries it has been the custom for young people to complete their education by traveling on the Continent. This is not an intellectual operation; it is educational trivia—gaining experience or, at least, discarding innocence. Ever since the era of Henry James, this has, for the young American, been an *idée fixe*, since the recognition of his own innocence is an embarrassment to all. Miss Dundy's heroine, Sally Jay Gorce, A.B., reflects the official view. She regards life as an adjustment orientation and is preoccupied with recreating herself as a perfect receptor of the bizarre.

When she was a child, Sally Jay was always running away to be a bullfighter, a singer in a jazz band, or just to get somewhere where she could eat whatever she liked and meet people she hadn't been introduced to. An uncle who holds that whirlwinds should be sown and reaped (moral agriculture) promises her two years in Europe. So there she is, and on her first night in Paris she is walking down the *Champs* when a car almost runs her down. The driver is an attractive Italian diplomat and Latin lovers are high on Sally Jay's list. A year later, after one thing and another, she is back in Greenwich Village.

This isn't as depressing as it sounds, however. Sally Jay, unlike too many modern fiction life-tasters who inevitably go home after their flings to marry the boys-next-door, has something of the genuinely flamboyant in her. She deserves, and gets, a more appropriate fate with a young man who doesn't have to *pose* as a character. So the lyric is slightly revised.

Then too, Sally Jay makes an entertaining guide on a trapeze through Left-bank life, which is lucky because the story is, to put it mildly, no longer in its infancy. Though she wants to "live, live, live," she keeps her eyes and ears open and stays one line ahead of the dialogue. The story unfolds through her sometimes witty, elliptical, wise-cracking, increasingly knowing conversations (mainly with herself), which slip occasionally into ribaldry and heavy-handed irony, but which are, for the most part, frothy and light-headed and determined, like Sally Jay, to destroy any decorum.

With her hair dyed pink, attired in the inevitably "wrong" costume, demonstrating conclusively that she does not "belong," Sally Jay larks around Paris and meets a potpourri including talents, wastrels, hooligans, nuts, actors, deviates.

For characters, Miss Dundy throws in everything but the kitchen sink. There are a pair of dead-end Kings from the Balkans who talk with tough American accents, a displaced Southern belle, a Canadian woodsman who stumbles into a Hollywood career, an international

movie company. Along with the latter comes a bullfighter (talking about Hemingway) with an "air of tragic solemnity." Also, a group of "sinisters," delicious bores, a "parlor white," and some international society, or what passes for it.

By no means does Sally Jay attempt to make judgments, and she certainly prides herself on her aplomb. Occasionally, however, she becomes indignant. She interprets this emotion as moral indigestion and it takes her by surprise. "Was I beginning to have standards, and oh dear, scruples? What were they, and what would I do with them and how much were they going to get in my way?" Eventually she recognizes her situation as a ride one can take only once. To be specific: one night everything seems to have a slight "*déjà vu*" about it. It all ends well, but what about that year in Paris? Oh, as one of these characters would remark, "Zop. Zop."

Celtic Peoples

THE CELTS. By T.G.E. Powell. Praeger. \$5.

By VIVIAN MERCIER

WHO WERE the Celts? Mr. Powell offers this answer: "a loosely knit barbaric nation that came into being in the region north of the Alps during the early centuries of the last millennium before Christ." Passing references to the Celts occur in Greek literature from about 500 B.C., but they are so casual as to suggest that the *Keltoi* were already a familiar part of the Greeks' world picture. The archaeological evidence, which Mr. Powell examines very thoroughly in his first chapter, points to the Early and Late "Hallstatt" Cultures of the seventh and sixth centuries B.C. as the probable source of the loose unity given to a medley of tribes displaying a variety of cultural and racial origins. This "royal tribe" of potential chieftains, armed with iron swords and buried in graves containing wagons, seems to have imposed its culture and perhaps its

language on the indigenous peoples living in a wide arc from Portugal to Switzerland and Bohemia.

The general reader like myself is bound to have difficulty with this first chapter, entitled "Finding the Celts," unless he has been steeping himself in the many books of popular archaeology which are making terms like "the Beaker people" and "the La Tène culture" almost household words—particularly in Britain, where certain archaeologists have become T.V. personalities. However, if he has become impatient with the sentimental rubbish so often talked about the present-day heirs of the Celtic tradition—the Gaelic-speaking Scots and Irish, the speakers of Welsh and Breton—he may be happy to see the word "Celt" for once defined with scientific rigor.

Chapter II, "The Celts in Life," discusses the physique of the Celts, their dress, temperament, social institutions, rural economy, housing, arts and crafts, and everything else that goes to make up a "way of life." Among Mr. Powell's best pages are those on the fighting and drinking habits of the Celts, which their descendants—according to certain doubtless prejudiced observers—have never abandoned. Although most of the material was familiar to me, I found the whole chapter so fresh in its approach that one could wish it twice as long—at the expense, if necessary, of the first chapter.

The third chapter, "The Celtic Supernatural," presents all the latest theories and demonstrates some of the hideous flaws in the old ones; better still, it supplies new facts from the most recent archaeological discoveries. I think Mr. Powell gives far too much weight to the theories of the late Marie-Louise Sjoestedt; whenever I look up one of her source passages in Early Irish literature, I usually find that she has employed it as a springboard rather than a solid floor. However, we are unquestionably getting closer to the truth about Celtic religion—which, I fear, will prove highly unappetizing. If the Celts, particularly the Irish ones took to Christianity with such en-

thusiasm that Ireland, at least, can boast no early martyrs, the reason was that Christianity revealed its superiority to Celtic "religion" at the very first glance.

And yet the Celtic peoples boasted one quasi-religious institution without which Mr. Powell's fourth and last chapter, "The Celtic Survival," would hardly have been necessary. I mean, of course, the Druids. As Mr. Powell carefully tells us, there is a great deal that we still do not know about

these Brahmins of the West, but we do know that in Celtic lands, as in India at the opposite limit of the Indo-European language area, the priestly and learned caste ranked at least theoretically higher than that of the warriors: no king could speak before his druid. The historical Irish and Welsh veneration for learning and poetry, the preservation of ancient Celtic oral lore by the monastic scribes, the very survival of the Celtic languages themselves—all are due to the continuous existence of a Celtic-speaking learned class or caste until the seventeenth century, with vestiges persisting until the revival movements of the past hundred years. The honor in which the Irish, Scots and Welsh hold their clergy—whether Catholic, Presbyterian, or Baptist—has prolonged druidic prestige into our own day; I say this in all seriousness, without any Voltairian overtones.

Mr. Powell's text is enlivened by line drawings and maps, but the forty-eight pages of photographs, with their accompanying notes, form the strongest feature of his book. He makes clear in his "Foreword" that he has tried to avoid the more hackneyed subjects for illustration, and the result is a complete success.

At the end of Mr. Powell's book, the reader who shirked Chapter I to begin with may at last feel inspired to grapple with it. Let him do so; he will find it rewarding. At the very least, it will assure him that—be he Englishman, Portuguese, Spaniard, Frenchman, Swiss, Rhineland German, Bohemian Czech, or even Turkish descendant of St. Paul's Galatians—he may have as much right to call himself a Celt as any speaker of the surviving Celtic languages. Is that good? Look, sir, do you want me to get thrown in the Liffey the next time I go back to Dublin?

REVIEWERS

William Dunlea is a free-lance critic living in New York.

Alice Ellen Mayhew is on the editorial staff of *Town and Country*.

Vivian Mercier, a member of the faculty of City College in New York, specializes in Irish studies.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 283) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION OF THE COMMONWEAL, published weekly at Orange, Conn., for October 3, 1958.

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OCTOBER 17, 1958

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Then and Now

Expert disagreements exist over the question of Red China's intentions in the Formosa Straits. As has been observed before, a totalitarian world is one in which words are divorced from meaning, in which war can mean peace, and peace war, in which the objective has been, by decree, abolished. Whether or not Peiping's bellicose words thus mean actual bellicose intentions, or whether, in the face of United States force, a *de facto* cease fire will be permitted to prevail, is something no one in the West, really, knows. . . .

The West's policy must certainly be based on strength, but it must remain flexible too, uncommitted to any premises of "inevitable war," open to the realities of power situations as they develop, ready to seize any opportunities for easing world tensions that may open up.

In the case of the new Soviet shakeup, for example, it would be folly to assume that internal troubles in Russia mean a breathing spell for the West. But it would be equal folly to assume that they mean the end of all hope for an eventual *modus vivendi* between the two world camps. Those who now assure us that all hope of coexistence is ended have yet to tell us where we should go from there. To another planet, perhaps?

The situation we face in the Formosa crisis is similar. Provocations and threats of war from Peiping are used by some in the United States as the occasion for demanding extended and absolute commitments to Chiang Kai-shek. There must, we hear, be no negotiation, now or forever, with the Chinese Communists, no abandonment of the off-shore islands no matter what the price. On Matsu, we are told, or on Quemoy, we must take our stand—with atom bombs, if necessary, and, if necessary, alone. . . .

The Communist enigma leaves us no choice but to prepare for the worst, but it does not commit us to accepting the worst. We must not cease to explore whatever roads may lead the world away from it.

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